

K. Leblanc (C) 11779 10671

THE
SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.
IN THE
TOUCHSTONE,
OR,
Harlequin Traveller.

AN
OPERATICAL PANTOMIME.

As it is performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLY, near Serjeants Inn,
Fleet-Street. 1779.

[Price Six Pence.]

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ADVERTISEMENT.

ENDEAVOURING what to invent, where the situations for Musick could be new and various, I conceived that a kind of Operatical Pantomime would be very likely to answer the purpose. This scheme every one encouraged me to go on with; and it is now (with the Dialogue, considerably improved, by the advice and assistance of some ingenious friends) humbly submitted to the Public.

C. DIBDIN.

ADDENDUM

UNDEVELOPING what to interest where the
relations for which could be new and various I
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would be very likely to answer the purpose. This
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T H E

TOUCHSTONE;

A N

OPERATICAL PANTOMIME.

S C E N E I.

A Desert Island—a number of barren rocks are scattered about irregularly, and at a distance is seen an agitated sea.—Harlequin gains the shore upon a plank.—During the storm the following Chorus is sung behind.

C H O R U S.

WE fink, we die,—another leak—
The raging billows, how they break!
All hands t' th' pump! how we are driv'n,
Zounds! blood and thunder!—hear us Heav'n—

B

She's

2 THE TOUCHSTONE;

She's a mere wreck—tost like a cork—
O mercy, mercy!—Damn your work,
Afloat she can no longer lie—
She splits! we're gone—we sink, we die.

This Chorus is at times interrupted by several Spirits who come on—one of whom sings the following words :

Spirit.

Come back, come back—what is all this?
Winds roar,
Rains pour,
Something's amiss :
That Feridon, if right I guess—
What's that?—Oh! sailors in distress;
Pell-mell they're tost'd—how they are driv'n!
At once they swear and pray to Heav'n.
D'ye hear?
I fear
Some curst disaster;
Best tell Padmanada, our potent master.

A I R

AN OPERATIONAL PANTOMIME. 3

A I R.

Feridon—Mrs. Farrel.

Task my power, be it to fly
To yonder corner of the sky ;
Be it to plumb the soundless deep,
Or climb yon height, rugged and steep.
Like thought, to reach the torrid zone,
Or Myriads find, of worlds unknown ;
Or plunge into the depth of hell
To obey your will, waits Oriel.

B 2

THE TOUCHSTONE,

A I R.

Colombine—*Miss Brown.*

Parents may fairly thank themselves,
Should love our duty master ;
Checking his power, the senseless elves
But tye the knot the faster.

To trick such dotards, weak and vain,
Is duty and allegiance ;
Whilst love, and all his pleasing train
To fly, were disobedience.

II.

As fickle fancy or caprice,
Or head-strong whim advises ;
Children, and all their future peace,
Become the sacrifices.

AN OPERATIONAL PANTOMIME. 5

Then trick these dotards, weak and vain,
'Tis duty and allegiance ;
Whilst love, and all his pleasing train,
To fly, were disobedience.

A I R.

Pierrot—*Mr. Reinhold.*

Such tumbling, and such tossing, Sir ;
Such jostling, and such crossing, Sir,
 Soon o'erturned lay,
And topsy-turvey the poor milky way.
 We rode o'er Aquarius,
 Knock'd down Sagittarius,
Quench'd stars as thick as bees in hives ;
Whilst I, in such a taking, Sir,
From head to foot was quaking, Sir ;
 Tho' had I burst,
 I knew needs must,
When the devil drives,

THE TOUCHSTONE;

II.

Rams, virgins, bulls, and lions, Sir,
Now bid us all defiance, Sir ;

A very swarm.

Myriads of worlds, in every shape and form,
Flat, square, oblong, and spherical,

Sir, we escap'd by miracle.

I thought had we a thousand lives,
To pot we must have gone, Sir,
So fiercely they came on, Sir.
But the Proverb's just,
For faith needs must,
When the devil drives.

A I R.

Sailor—*Mr. Wilson.*

This life is like a troubled sea,
Where, helm a weather or a lea,
The ship will neither stay nor wear,
But drives off every rock in fear.

AN

AN OPERATICAL PANTOMIME. 7

All seamanship in vain we try,
We cannot keep her steadily ;
But just as Fortune's wind should blow,
The vessel's tossed to and fro.

Yet come but love on board,
Our hearts with pleasure stor'd,
No storm can overwhelm.
Still blows in vain
The hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

A I R.

Watchman—*Mr. Mabon.*

My name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound,
And man and boy upon this ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying, Vauxhall Watch.

And

8 THE TOUCHSTONE;

And as that time's a little short
With some genteels that here resort;
To be sure I have not had some sport,
Crying, Vauxhall Watch.

Oh! of pretty damsels neat and tight,
And Macaronies—what a sight!
Of a star-light morn I've bid good night,
Crying, Vauxhall Watch.

II.

The lover cries, no one will see.
You are deceiv'd, my soul, says she.
Dere's that Irish teef here, maning me,
Crying, Vauxhall Watch.

Den I gets a tirteen not to talk;
They gently steal to the dark walk,
And I decamps no sport to baulk,
Crying, Vauxhall Watch.

Oh! of pretty damsels, &c.

A I R

AN OPERATICAL PANTOMIME. 9

A I R.

Colombine—*Miss Brown.*

Forgive, if sometimes pensive,
My chearfulness forgot ;
Of shadows apprehensive,
I fear—I know not what

My very love alarms me,
Its failings then excuse ;
If your's, which so much charms me,
I so much dread to lose.

This life has little pleasing,
What wonder then in pain
We're every moment seizing
That little to retain ?

C

A I R

10 THE TOUCHSTONE:

A I R.

Pierrot—*Mr. Reinbold.*

Like a tennis-ball am I,
Now tumbling low, now rising high ;
Bandied here, and bandied there,
To and fro, and ev'ry where.
Now do I back
A dragon with a fiery tail :
Presently, smack,
I'm sea-sick, riding on a whale.
Still like a tennis-ball I fare ;
Now on the ground, now in the air ;
Bandied here, and bandied there,
To and fro, and ev'ry where.
Each thing wears some fantastic shape,
My brain's in such a pothar ;
But get me once out of this scrape,
I'll ne'er get in another.

A I R

AN OPERATICAL PANTOMIME. 11

A I R.

Colombine, in the Character of the Goddess,
Fortune—*Miss Brown.*

Ye fair, ye lovers, at my call,
Young, grave and gay, come hither all :
Take me, take me, while ye may,
Fortune comes not ev'ry day.

I know you—you a child pursue— (*to Pant.*)
Who from her tyrant father flew :
Go on—to find her rack your brains,
And wear the fool's cap for your pains.

Ye fair, &c.

You to his schemes assistance lend,
But little think how all may end :
You'll lose your mistress Marinette—(*to Mez.*)
You'll in the stocks, you set, be set—(*to Pier.*)

A I R

12 THE TOUCHSTONE:

A I R.

Sung by *Miss Brown, Mrs. Farrel, and Mr. Leoni.*

Gentle Echo, as we wander
From all those paths which issue yonder,
Where mazy labyrinths wind,

T' th' destin'd grove shew us the right one,
Is it the dark one?—is it the light one?
We seek, but cannot find.

II.

Nay, gentle Echo, this is jesting;
The boon so earnest we're requesting,
We're told depends on thee.

Kindly, kindly then protect us,
For in that moment you direct us,
From ev'ry ill we're free.

CHORUS

CHORUS of Spirits.

The spell is broke—we're free, we're free,
From this auspicious day:
Sing Colombine and liberty!
Dance! frolick and be gay.

The fell enchanter's hellish wiles
To crush and break his charms,
Revenge cries on—Occasion smiles
To arms! to arms! to arms!

A I R.

Feridon—*Mrs. Farrel*

Your champion now his faulchion draws,
Laurels are strew'd before ye;
Come on and fight the noble cause,
The word's St. George and glory.

Affur'd of glory and success,
We take the field with spirit;

Each

24 THE TOUCHSTONE.

Each British heart the cause will bless,
Where courage ranks with merit.

Your champion, &c.

To join our band, the British youth

Would muster, did we need 'em ;

Their very foil is valour's growth ;

Who breathes their air, breathes freedom.

Your champion, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Feridon—Mrs. Farrel.

Now let our glorious revelry begin,

Sound follow sound, and din re-echo din ;

Let trumpets, fifes, and drums, be heard afar,

Cannon, and all the clangour of the war ;

While, with prophetic ardour, we relate

The foes of Britain hast'ning to their fate,

Shall wear these fetters they for us would forge,

For England's still protected by her George.

A I R.

A I R.

Feridon—*Mrs. Farrel.*

Happy Britain, matchless isle,
 Whose natives, like their sturdy oak,
 Secure in inborn force may smile,
 And mock the tempest's heaviest stroke.

When smiling peace shall bless the land,
 Her couching lion shall in dalliance sport;
 Arts and fair Science, hand in hand,
 Their Monarch's patronage shall court.

But rous'd by war, shall dreadful move,
 Britannia's vengeance on her foes shall prove,
 Whene'er again her banners are unfurl'd,
 The dread and envy of the wond'ring world.

F I N A L E.

Sound drums, sound cannons, trumpets sound;
 Proclaim with chearful clangor
 Britannia's rous'd, and nations round
 Shall dread her noble anger.
 Gentle in peace, as doves in Venus' car;
 But terrible as thund'ring Jove in war.

T H E E N D.



